

My master gives me liberty and ease,
And in return 'tis my delight to please;
He is my benefactor, father, friend,
Away, you rogue, or *Tyburn* is your end.

MORAL.

Suspect strange sycophants, their gifts despise,
Which oft have shewn the traitor in disguise.

REFLECTION.

Conscious of guilt, bad men of ev'ry kind
Inherit just anxiety of mind;
Fear shoots the poison'd arrows thro' the heart,
They live in sorrow and with shame depart.
Let *Æsop's* dog perfidious men upbraid,
In power, service, government, or trade.



A FOX and CARVED HEAD.

A Fox one day, who chanc'd to pop
His head into a Carver's shop,
A beauteous bust admir'd;
And having turn'd it round and round,
And ev'ry feature perfect found,
He with a sigh retir'd:

Re-